

10c

BINDER TWINE
NOT IN THE TRUST

10c

150 MEN HAVE

TAKEN A STAND AGAINST THE TWINE TRUST

and have placed their order with me for their twine. We have a little more of this Twine to offer at the same price. Don't stand idly by my farmer friend and let some big corporation and trust reach down in your pocket and take your hard earned dollar from you. If any man has asked you to give him your order for Twine without telling you the price of it it is high time to call a halt on him, for the price of twine is established. My price is only 10c and it's not in the trust. And

when some funny man tells you that his twine is 25 per cent better than my Missouri made twine, if that's not going some on the nerve line then I have nothing to say. Come in my farmer friend and I can show as nice a twine as you ever looked at and is guaranteed to run 500 ft. to the pound. Don't let them bluff you out of a few dollars on that 25 per cent talk. You heard some people tell what a bad thing trusts were in 1904. Did you buy your twine for 10c last year? Have you been

able to buy it for 10c for the past four or five years? The Grand Old State of Missouri is back of this twine deal and is trying to help you crush a trust and monopoly. Will you help yourself or will you buy from a trust and help them. IT'S UP TO YOU MR. FARMER.

If you want a Buggy, just stop into my little (not in the trust) store and let me show you the best line of Buggies ever shown in Jasper. My buggies are not all made of screws. They are not the

kind that has to be sent to Carthage for a new coat of paint in less than three months use. They are not the kind that has to have two new bodies in less than eight months. They are the kind that Harry Roy took his fatal ride in on Christmas day when the horse ran off, broke his neck, crippled Harry so badly, turned the buggy completely over and never cracked a shaft. That's the kind Bailey sells, and when I price them to you will know there is no Big Trust or Monopoly handling them.

Then if you are not needing a Buggy you may want take a look at that big, fine Range that I am offering at \$23.75, with high shelf warming closet and reservoir. Don't think this a cheap John Range just because I am asking such a low price for it, for they are selling the same Range in Carthage for \$38. You know Bailey IS NOT IN THE TRUST.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto and you can always buy from BAILEY a little cheaper than the other fellow.

C. S. BAILEY, Jasper, Mo.

In Memoriam.

Hark all my gay friends
To a melancholy sound
The shaves of death are flying
To mow your glory down.
There was one of your number
A youth in early bloom
Who was called away by death
And was laid in the tomb.

Slowly, silently and stealthily into the home of Harvey and Theodora Griffin came the grim monster, Death, and with his icy touch took away the bright young life of their only son Ernest.

Ernest Ira Griffin was born Jan. 1st 1883, died April 14th 1905. He took sick Feb 15th and after a long siege of illness and intense suffering he succumbed. Ernest was baptized in infancy by Rev Martin of the M. E. Church at Jasper and about five weeks ago he became converted.

It seems impossible that one so young and vigorous should be cut off in early youth, while others more aged and in firm still linger. But such is life.

He leaves a father, mother, two sisters, two aged grandparents, many relatives, and a host of friends to mourn his loss.

But why should we mourn and weep
With care upon our brow
We know that he is safe in Heaven
Though we have no Ernest now
Yes why should we weep
When Ernest is at rest
Resting in those mansions
Prepared for the best

Yet our hearts are ever lonely
And the home more drear and sad,
For with his dear presence
It made the heart more glad.
For when Ernest dear was here
He was blooming and gay
But now he is called for,
And is taken away

How little did we think
He would be called for so soon
But ah! his morning sun
It has gone down at noon
And now he is sleeping
Beneath the cold and silent cloud
His voice to you is saying
Prepare to meet your God.

Then peaceful be his slumber
Peaceful in the grave so low.
He no more will join us,
He no more our joys will know
For dearest he has left us
And his loss we deeply feel
But we leave it all with him
He can all our sorrows heal.

But again we hope to meet him
On that bright and happy shore
Hope to meet and live it Heaven,
When the parting days are o'er

A Friend

From Another Friend.

Another friend requests us to publish the following in Memory of Earnest Griffin:

There is silence in Heaven,
Someone's darling is gone.
Yes, home is lonely without him
Our hearts are sore with grief.
He will not hear the voices of the morning.

And awake to the hush sound.
He is sleeping his last sweet rest.
We miss him at morning, noon, and night.

Yes, here and there and everywhere,
No voice no sound of footsteps
All is still.

He has gone to gather in the sheaves
That he has sowed, reaped and mowed
There he will meet loved ones
That were watching for him
To come and join them in the unknown land.

To us, friends we only know
That he is free from pain.
His languishing head is at rest
It's aching and thinking are o'er,
Now he has paid the debt we all yet owe

We will meet him soon.
The time won't be long
Till we shall lay our armor down,
And meet him in our eternal home,
Where no farewell tears are shed
And sorrow never come.

A Friend

Another Vacant Chair.

Her feeble body has failed
She faints, she died,
We closed her sightless eyes;
We laid her down to rest;
We crossed her cold and icy hands
Across her lifeless breast.

We will miss her here at home;
Her loss we deeply mourn.
Yes, our mother bird has left her treasured nest.

No sheltering wing to hover those little darling ones.
She has gone where no chilly winds blow,
No stormy clouds arise

The quiet immovable breast is heaved by affection no more.
Yet again we hope to meet her when the toils of life are o'er.

Oh what a meeting that will be,
Around God's bright throne,
And sing of Moses and the Lamb,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

There will be no farewell tears shed.
All will be well.
May we all gather at the glassy pool,
Where the soft dancing sunbeams play upon the waters cool

And sing of the pearly gates that never close,
And the ransomed in love repose.
Our glorious home shall be.
Oh remember some sweet day by and by, we will meet some sweet day.

ONLY ME.

Grand Prize St. Louis, 1904

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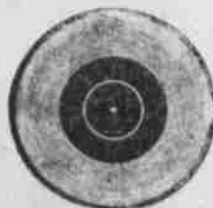


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Grand Prize St. Louis, 1904